

The Musical World.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE ASSOCIATION.

We recently announced that an association was in process of formation, under the above designation, for the purpose of placing the administration of Her Majesty's Theatre on a stable and satisfactory financial footing, and of maintaining and extending the high reputation which it deservedly achieved under the able and enterprising management of Mr. Lumley. The ready response which the proposals of the association have received affords proof that its projectors have not miscalculated the public feeling on the subject, and that the scheme detailed in their prospectus is regarded with approval in a commercial no less than in an artistic point of view. A large amount of business, we are told, is daily transacted in the shares of the new company; and there can be no doubt that the originators of the association will obtain all the support and co-operation which are necessary to enable them to give the fullest effect to their enterprise.

MR. PIERSON'S ORATORIO.

Our attention has been directed to an article and a correspondent's letter in the *Norfolk Chronicle*, signed "Amateur," of the date of—we have not had the date—in which the cudgels have been vigorously taken up for Mr. Pierson, and his new oratorio, *Jerusalem*, defended against all who have dared to lift voice and plume against it. Now, the article—inasmuch as it is merely an article defensive, exaggerated, one-sided, and illogical—is all very well; but the letter—inasmuch as it is nothing at all, or simply, phrenetic—is not all very well. Mr. Pierson has written an oratorio, and because Mr. Pierson's oratorio has been critically, not severely, handled by the musical critic of the leading journal of Europe, the said critic, according to Mr. Pierson's bottle-holder, has entered into a conspiracy against him, and has, so to speak, smashed him with thunder. Were we hypercritically bent at this moment, we might pause to inquire how one man could enter into a conspiracy, but as we have fiercer quarry to fly at, we would ask "Amateur," why, or for what purpose should the critic in the *Times* have entered into a conspiracy against the "New Jerusalem?" Why should he have been jealous of Mr. Pierson? For what purpose deny justice to his work, or endeavour to close every door against its success? Can his imagination assign motive the most removed? Is it not more likely, *a priori*, that Mr. Pierson's defender and Mr. Pierson's friends should have overrated Mr. Pierson's composition, than that the critic in the *Times* should have

departed from his "great office," and by means indirect and unwarrantable to have attempted to crush the author? But the opinions of the critic of the *Times* have been corroborated by several of the metropolitan journals, among which, the *Athenaeum*, *Illustrated News*, and *Chronicle*. Depend upon it, when the *Athenaeum* coincides with the *Times*, there must be proof positive that both are right, and, if the writer in the *Times* have entered into a conspiracy, acknowledging such traitors as co-operators, there must be motives the most justifiable for the treason.

The following is the article and letter alluded to:—

We have already expressed an opinion on the merits and demerits of *Jerusalem* in our notice of the Festival last week; it is therefore unnecessary for us to repeat them; indeed, we have little to add. We certainly cannot concur in those general terms of censure, and almost measureless condemnation indulged in by some of our metropolitan contemporaries. A pamphlet published immediately before the Festival, purporting to be an analysis of Mr. Pierson's oratorio, in order that its object might be better understood by the public generally, seems to have been productive of hostile criticism. In this friendly analysis, and kind of narrative programme, it is now broadly insinuated that the eulogistic observations which the pamphlet contains were introduced, if not actually by, at any rate with the knowledge and concurrence of Mr. Pierson himself. On reading the book at the rehearsal, we felt that, whether with Mr. Pierson's cognizance or not, its publication was very injudicious; that it was unfair, to Dr. Bexfield's oratorio especially, to endeavour to attempt to increase the attendance at *Jerusalem* by such means—and that such conduct courted and deserved reprobation at the hands of an impartial critic. But admitting all this, the real merits of the oratorio are unaffected by it, and a feeling of annoyance or indignation at such an unworthy attempt, should not have carried away the writer's feelings into a strain of wholesale vituperation. It is a great deal too much to believe, that if the oratorio of *Jerusalem* were such a complicated mass of inanities and grandiloquent mysticism as a portion of the London press describe it, Mr. Benedict would have undertaken to conduct it at the late Festival, and at its close publicly describe it as a "work of great merit," expressing a hope that he might have the honour of conducting others from the same hand. And again, no packing by Mr. Pierson's friends could have induced an unfriendly or indifferent audience to express, contrary to general custom, the enthusiastic admiration we witnessed at its close. It has many defects in it, both structural and scientific, the more conspicuous of which, we briefly adverted to in our notice last week, whilst others have occurred to us since; but when *Jerusalem* shall have been abridged of its inordinate length—shall have had the pruning knife applied to its incongruities and crudities, it will be found possessed of sufficient vitality to "live down" the hastily-written attacks which it received on its first performance.

We have received several communications, in consequence of the notices which have appeared in the metropolitan journals, respecting the oratorio of *Jerusalem*, recently performed at our Festival. We feel that this is a subject on which we should allow those who dissent from such opinions, and the spirit in which they are written, an opportunity of expressing their views. With this object we have selected three communications, merely premising

that they are written by gentlemen whose sound and practical acquaintance with musical science entitles them to great respect.

"In reflecting upon the circumstances connected with the great musical entertainment of last week in our city, we have been much struck by certain occurrences more calculated to afford us pain than gratification. We allude particularly to the criticisms upon the oratorio composed by our countryman, Mr. Pierson; which contrast strangely with the effect of the performance of it upon a very large and attentive audience. We cannot observe such a contrast without seriously considering how it has happened, that such a difference as to the merits of the composer has arisen between the public press on the one hand, and some of the first musicians of the day, in conjunction with a numerous and enlightened public, on the other."

A notorious incongruity does exist, and we would fain sift it to the bottom, and if possible render it some reasonable explanation. The London press (to say nothing of one of our provincial contemporaries, who does not award one single item of commendation), are most of them opposed to the style of Mr. Pierson's oratorio; they consider him an infarer of all received rules in musical composition; most of them tax him with want of knowledge in counterpoint; and some, we think without the slightest truthfulness, describe him as guilty of plagiarism. He is said to be "a very humble follower of the absurdities and eccentricities of Schumann and Wagner—an imitator." "He has borrowed the extravagance of Young Germany." The allusion to "Roberto," "Cimaroso," "the Morris dance," &c., are, in the eyes of all true musicians, without the least foundation. The directly opposite opinion of the London critics concerning certain portions of the work, the one praising what the other condemns, prove that there is still wanting some standard of judgment suited to effect a sound and correct appreciation of the new oratorio. In one respect, however, the London journals all agree, namely, that Mr. Pierson is a musician of great genius, and that if he would conform to the "true and unchangeable principles of art," he might yet be an honour to his country. As to Mr. Pierson's ignorance of counterpoint, that question is at once settled by the fact of his having edited in German, and is now editing in English, the most abstruse work on thorough bass which at the present time exists; there can be, therefore, no plea for taxing him with want of knowledge; the fact is, his peculiarities are things

"Of temperament and not of art."

His knowledge enables him to play with what many, calling themselves musicians, can with difficulty understand, and therefore, style incongruous; but may we not add with Byron, that

"Surely they're sincerest,
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest."

It may possibly be the lot of Mr. Pierson, as it was the lot of Byron, "that wrongs and sufferings will be through life the main sources of his inspiration;" and, if so, we may yet enjoy, through persecution, some of the brightest gems of musical poetry. But there is something so un-English in the theory of persecution, that we would willingly receive works of less transcendent beauty at a less expense to the comfort and mental happiness of a fellow countryman. The main point, however, has yet to be discussed. The oratorio of *Jerusalem* attracted a very large audience, engaged the attention of that audience during its whole performance, and elicited afterwards more rapturous exhibitions of applause and enthusiasm, than is hardly ever, upon any occasion, exhibited by an English company. Why was this? Detractors say it was owing to the personal efforts of a powerful party—to various preliminary performances of parts of the work, in order to rouse a feeling in its favour—to previous publication—to a determination, in short, to make it succeed, whether it were worthy of success or not. But we are not ignorant of the working of these preliminaries; the charm of the music, is the secret of its success. The previous partial and imperfect performance of portions of it, induced the Festival Committee to accept of it—the trial of it

by the amateurs and professors of the town, led to their energetic endeavours to become acquainted with what produced so much gratification to themselves—the same motive excited our noble chorus to master triumphantly the difficulties presented to them, and weeks before the Festival commenced, there were many musical persons in the town and neighbourhood so persuaded of the pleasing effects of the music, that they longed for a perfect performance of it at the Festival. The character of the music, imperfectly as it had been heard and understood, was the attraction of the Festival, far more than any private or party interest; and when it was there heard, the result was that some of the best musicians in the world applauded—that, including the band and chorus, nearly two thousand people listened to it for a period of four hours and a half, without displaying the slightest degree of impatience, and, after its conclusion, vociferated applause, and made demonstrations of satisfaction and delight, in a fashion far nearer approaching to those of an Italian than of an English audience. The effect produced by the oratorio, whatever may be its merits or demerits, was, undoubtedly grand—so touching was the character of some parts of the music, that numbers of the audience, and many also of the band, could not refrain from tears; and it would be doing despite to public feeling, were reviewers to attempt to detract from the merits of Mr. Pierson's *Jerusalem*, so far as the principal object of music, namely the effect produced upon an audience, is taken into consideration.

We think the work may be shortened with advantage, and there may be errors capable of amendment—of these we scarcely profess to be able to judge; but there are, we do not hesitate to say, so many beauties in *Jerusalem*, that we hope to hear it again, and trust its author will reap a just reward for the talent he has displayed in the treatment of a subject of such importance and sublimity.

(To the Editor of the Norfolk Chronicle.)

CONSPIRACY AGAINST "JERUSALEM."

SIR.—Great astonishment has been expressed by many persons who were present at the splendid performance of Mr. Pierson's oratorio of *Jerusalem*, with the very extraordinary account in the *Metropolitan Journal*, in which "our own correspondent" calls the oratorio a *failure!*¹¹ and this absurdity is rapidly echoed from one paper to another, for a purpose best known to the writer. I would ask, where was the evidence of a *failure*? Those who were present at the performance may well inquire. It certainly seems to have failed in giving satisfaction to the reporter! But what said the audience, consisting of 1340 persons, drawn from all parts of the kingdom? Is their unprejudiced judgment good for nothing? Was their demonstration of delight with this beautiful composition proof of a *failure*? And when the composer was conducted amidst their applause into the orchestra, and again greeted by those who had so admirably performed his oratorio, and complimented by Mr. Benedict, who had so admirably conducted it, did that betoken a *failure*? Perhaps some of your musical correspondents may be able to explain the motive for these mis-statements and abusive criticisms, sent forth so industriously! The reports in different journals being apparently tuned to the same pitch, creates a suspicion that they are all "one concern!" and we can only guess who are the partners in it.

Everybody knows, that in the metropolis there are as many parties among musicians, as there are among politicians; and it is not surprising, that a professor possessing the uncommon talent and fine imagination of Mr. Pierson, should create great jealousy—especially among the writers of common-place ballads and polkas, with common-place accompaniments; and it looks as if a conspiracy to knock down *Jerusalem* had been concocted by them (their craft being in danger), and, to an army of reporters the command was sent, in the words of the oratorio, "Go ye up upon her walls and destroy!" Now, depend upon it, Mr. Editor, they will not make "a full end!" and the public may again be delighted with a repetition of this composition. The opinion of professional men of eminence (belonging to no clique) was, to my knowledge, so frequently expressed in admiration of *Jerusalem* during the festival, that Mr. Pierson need not be alarmed least he should ultimately sustain injury from this attack, which was evidently a

premeditated one; he will find that the musical public will judge for themselves, and his compositions will be admired in spite of unfair and untrue reports to the contrary, whether from "Our own correspondent," or "Our own reporter!" I will conclude with echoing the opinion and the wish expressed by Mr. Benedict to the audience at the conclusion of the performance of this oratorio,—after saying it was "a work with a great deal of merit," he added, "I hope this work will lead to others by the same hand"—he then expressed a wish, that he might have the pleasure of bringing them before the public; and, joining heartily in this wish,

I remain, &c.,
AN AMATEUR.

We have, perhaps, entered too seriously and warmly upon this subject, which might have afforded ample room for displaying the particular bent of our humour; but we are willing, nay anxious, to do every justice to Mr. Pierson, and while awarding him the praise of undoubted talent and great earnestness of purpose, we must agree with the *Times*—who has entered into a conspiracy—and with the *Illustrated News* and *Athenaeum*, which have echoed the opinion of the *Times*, that Mr. Pierson has not produced the work of a master.

To allow Mr. Pierson every chance of defending himself through his friends and admirers, we willingly publish from the same journal, another letter, to which we have nothing to object, except that it is evidently written by a very old gentleman:

(To the Editor of the *Norfolk Chronicle*)

SIR.—Notwithstanding the severe, and evidently prejudiced, remarks of a musical reviewer in the columns of the *Mercury*, of Saturday last, it is clear that the feeling of the audience, on the Thursday morning of the festival, was in favour of Mr. Pierson's oratorio *Jerusalem*. As the performance proceeded, the tokens of satisfaction were unequivocal, and such as could not be mistaken by an *habitué* of the festivals; while the burst of acclamation at the close was as general and sincere as it was undoubtedly universal. It is insulting to that vast assembly to insinuate that the demonstration proceeded from the efforts of a band of *claqueurs* or partisans; it was, on the contrary, as spontaneous as it was richly merited; for, with certain defects in the production (of which its extreme length appears to be the most objectionable), there has rarely been brought before the public a connected subject in which there was so much to admire, and to fasten upon the memory.

It is a curious circumstance, that, notwithstanding the perpetual whine about the dearth of English talent, and the backwardness of English artists in entering the musical arena, no sooner does an individual step forward, to vindicate his native land from the reproach, than he is forthwith *pooh-poohed* and *cold-shouldered* by his own countrymen foremost of all; a course of proceeding not inducive of encouragement to others, or honourable to national self-respect. And it is also a lamentable fact, that whenever an *amateur*, embued with an enthusiastic love of his art, and well instructed in its principles, brings his ideas before the public in a tangible form, the strictly *professionalist* is wont to view them with suspicion, if not with disdain, and it is not until they are *forced*, as it were, upon their notice, by the loud speaking of public approval, that he will allow them to possess *any* merit. Not that these remarks apply to all the professionals engaged at the late festival. By far the larger proportion of them had the generosity to recognise at once, in the most unmistakable manner, the sound talent evinced in the work of the young aspirant, and few of them probably but would be glad to make further acquaintance with it; so that, notwithstanding the dogmatical censure of the reviewer referred to, the *Jerusalem* of Mr. Pierson is not likely to be consigned, as past hope, to the tomb of all the Capulets. On the contrary, I am bold to predict for it an ultimate standing among the classic productions which do honour to any name and any country.

The writer of this has not the slightest personal acquaintance with Mr. Pierson, or with any of his immediate friends, but he is willing to record his own impressions of the new oratorio, after a musical experience of nearly forty years, and because he is anxious to see extended towards Mr. Pierson that privilege which Englishmen justly glory in.

FAIR PLAY.

So much for the "New Jerusalem." While upon this subject, it may not be out of place to allude to two letters received last week, on the subject of Dr. Wesley's anthem. The one—written anonymously—enclosed a testimonial from Henry J. Gauntlett, organist of the church of St. Olave, to Mr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, of the cathedral, Hereford. As we have not the most far-off notion why the testimonial was posted to us, or from whom it comes, we forbear from making any comments thereon, saving, that we are not Henry J. Gauntlett. Letter No. 2, informs us that Dr. Wesley has been upbraiding us, and in no very delicate and elegant terms, in some provincial paper, because our reporter happened not to be pleased with his anthem. It is not strange that a man should be great in his own estimation, as long as there remain to him egotism and friends; but it is, we take it, not of the best policy, for a public man like Dr. Wesley, to abuse the writer of a journal, who is supposed to give a conscientious opinion of his work, for not viewing that work in the same light as himself and his admirers. We shall not feel any the worse for Dr. Wesley's *bodinage*, but, as modesty is an inevitable concomitant of talent, it would have been better had the learned composer remained silent.

FOREIGN RESUME.

PARIS.—The entertainments at the Grand Opera, last week consisted of *Robert le Devil*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Juif Errant*.

Rossini's opera of *Mosè* will be given very shortly. There is a report that it will be represented on the same night as the new ballet in which Cerito sustains the principal part, and that the ballet will be represented first. This has however been contradicted.

Mons. Niedermeyer's new opera is not yet in the hands of the copyist. There is a report that it has been found necessary to alter the libretto, and that, as yet, the *dénouement* has not been decided on.

Meyerbeer has not yet left Paris. He is engaged in the arrangement of his *Siruensee* for the Conservatory. It is also said that he is putting the finishing hand to an opera in three acts, for the Opéra Comique, and to another in five acts for the Grand Opera, besides meditating a new work for the *Italiens*, and one for the Théâtre Lyrique.

Mademoiselle Plunket leaves the Grand Opéra for a time. She is engaged at the Imperial Theatre, at Trieste, for the carnaval season, as *ballerina di primo cartello*, at ten thousand francs a month.

Madame Ugalde returned to the Opéra Comique last week. She selected the opera of *Galathée* for her re-appearance.

The indisposition of Mons. Battaille, which, however, is not at all serious, has stopped, for a short time, the representation of the *Père Gaillard*, and also the rehearsals of

Auber's new opera, in which, it is said, he will play the part of a brigand.

Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon has been revived at the Opéra Comique.

It is confidently asserted that M. Clapisson's new three-act opera will be represented almost directly at the Opéra Comique. The principal parts will be sustained by Messieurs Dufrêne, Coulon, and Lemaire, and by Mesdames Miolan, Revilly, and Meyer.

Flore et Zéphyr, the new opera of M. Eugène Gauthier, is very successful at the Théâtre Lyrique.

Chollet is engaged at the Théâtre Lyrique. He will make his first appearance in the part he formerly rendered so popular, in the *Postillon de Longumeau*. He will also sing in a new opera by Adolphe Adam.

Madame Julianne will shortly appear, if she has not already done so, at Barcelona. The opera selected for her first appearance, is Verdi's *Luisa Miller*.

The Philadelphia North American states, that Ole Bull has recently bought an estate of 120,000 acres in Pennsylvania, where he intends founding a colony of his compatriots.

Auber's *Fra Diavolo* has lately been revived in Hamburg.

The season at Vienna commenced a short time since with Verdi's *Erlani*. The principal part was sustained by Herr Beck.

Mademoiselle Katinka Heinefetter is singing at Stuttgart. We read in the *Omnibus*, of Naples:—"Instead of 500 ducats, which was the price agreed on for Cammarano's posthumous libretto of the *Travatore*, Verdi has paid the family of the poet, whose death we so much regret, the sum of 600 ducats. This trait of generosity is one that does the greatest honour to the author of *Nabucco*, *Rigoletto*, and *Luisa Miller*.

Permission has at length been accorded to represent the *Prophète* at Riga, in which place the production of this opera has hitherto been prohibited.

Sophie Cruvelli is singing at Frankfort, with the greatest success. The young prima donna made her first appearance as Rosina, in which she employed the Italian text, while the other artistes sang in German. The reason of this, no doubt, is that she had not sufficient time to learn the part in any other language than that in which she had hitherto been accustomed to sing it.

M. Augustin Collin, the author of the libretto of the *Desert*, to which Felicien David owes his reputation, died recently of brain fever.

Foreign.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5th.—MAD. SONTAG is fast recovering again, and will probably give her first concert on Monday, the 17th instant. The public interest has been rather increased than diminished by the delay in her appearance.

ALBONI, in the meantime, has been going on with her concerts, each successive one evidently adding to her popularity. In point of numbers, the Firemen's concert was less successful than preceding performances. We should think that by skilful management this might have been made a brilliant affair. We don't know why it was not such. The last musical sensation which this delicious singer occasioned, was her performance of the celebrated "Rode's Variations." By the way, it will be seen, by the letter from our Paris

correspondent, that these Variations are a great vocal achievement of Sontag. Was Alboni aware of this, and did she bring them out first to anticipate any laurels which Sontag might gain by them? No matter, we shall see which sings them best.

Mr. Barnum has engaged Catherine Hayes to give sixty concerts under his direction, in California, Mexico, Island of Cuba, the United States and the Provinces of British North America. He pays her fifty thousand dollars, all travelling and other expenses, and one-half the nett profits arising from the engagement. Miss Hayes will start for California in November. Herr Mengis and other artists are engaged to accompany her. Theatrical and Concert Managers generally will do well to watch Mr. Barnum's management of this business; it will be a good lesson for them.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We like accuracy. In our last contribution there are three errors—in the names of the members of Signor Guglielmo Guglielmi (we like to give his cognomen in full, it is so euphonious) his troupe—(as Pepys's or Pips's diary would say)—to wit, the buffo Marani is called Morani; the basso cantante Facchini is called Tacchini, and poor Signor Troyano is made into Signor Trojano.*

It has been objected to our passion for the lyric drama, and for the greatest modern exponents of it in this country, viz., the great artistes from the two Italian Operas, that we give foreigners a preference over our own countrymen, and so far conduct to depress and discourage native talent! To this we reply, that it is our most ardent desire to encourage all talent; we are no half free-traders, but go for freedom in art as well as in corn. Let England produce such artists as Jenny Lind, Sontag, Grisi, Alboni, Mario, or the Lablache, and they will find their value, not only in England, but in the whole world. At the same time, we wish to be understood by your Manchester readers, that besides being anxious for these distinguished foreigners to appear a few nights each season on our Theatre Royal boards, we are at the same time desirous of seeing the best English operatic company that can be procured for a much longer period every year—say three months, more likely than three nights. We stoutly maintain, also, that Manchester will remain musically in a degraded position until there is a Hall built in which to hold choral concerts. It is three years now since the concerts of the Hargrave's Choral Society were suspended, chiefly and mainly for want of a fitting room, capable of accommodating an orchestra, numbering, band and chorus, some 150 to 200 performers, and of seating an audience numbering 2000 to 2400 persons. Liverpool, Birmingham, London, Dublin, are all amply supplied, whilst Manchester has not a place—except its Free-Trade Hall, which has but one single quality to recommend it, and that is its size! It is said the building is to come down next spring; let us hope that something suitable for a choral society may spring up in its place, or be erected elsewhere before another winter season begins.

The Free-Trade Hall, meanwhile, is not unused. It was almost as well filled on Monday night, at the first of the "Monday Night's Concerts" for the season, as ever we saw it at one of Jullien's concerts. All ranks and classes were

* Our Correspondent should write names distinctly.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

attracted. The galleries at 3d. each, the promenade space at 6d., the reserved seats at 1s., were all full to overflowing, although there was no unusual attraction, no band, merely the regular choir of some thirty or forty voices, accompanied by the organ or pianoforte, and three principal vocalists—Mrs. Sunderland, Messrs. Perring and Delavanti. It was a pleasing sight to see such a concourse of people, all evidently bent on enjoying themselves in a cheap but rational manner.

The scheme was well selected, well varied, and had a fair sprinkling of novelty in it; and, as usual, the selections from foreign operas, &c., were all given to English words, which were neatly printed in a book form, for the small charge of a penny. The opening chorus went very nicely; it was the unison bit from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, "Hope brightly beams before thee now." The choir had evidently been well drilled by the indefatigable Mr. Banks, and paid some attention to light and shade. We did not quite like to hear the organ accompaniment (no fault of Mr. Banks') we should have so much preferred a small orchestra. Jullien's madrigal, from *Pietro il Grande*, "Let's hail the present hour," was another good example of the execution of the chorus. We should have liked to have heard it repeated ourselves, but scarce a hand was lifted, albeit, as the London journals inform us, it never escaped a tremendous encore at the Royal Italian opera, and was universally pronounced one of the most original and striking *morceaux* in the opera. So much for difference of taste.

Mr. Perring then gave, "My sister dear," from *Masaniello*, at the pianoforte, very neatly, but with a want of power for such a space. He was encored, nevertheless, and sang another. Next the choir were encored in a German glee, by L. de Call, "Oft when night;" after that Mrs. Sunderland got encored (and she richly deserved it) for "I cannot mind my wheel, mother," Linley's song, which she gave with good expression and feeling (the best thing she did, in our opinion). Then the merciless gods in the three-penny gallery encored (the fourth encore in succession) the comic duet, "Un segreto d'importanza," from *Cenerentola*, mainly incited thereto by the buffo acting as well as singing of Messrs. Perring and Delavanti. The first part then closed very successfully with the chorus and scene from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, "Come with the gipsy bride."

With the second part we must be more brief. Suffice it to say that we had more encores—Mr. Delavanti in an Irish ballad, "Katty Moyle," and Mr. Perring in "Merrily goes the mill-stream," &c., &c. The concert was prolonged some twenty minutes or so by the numerous encores, some three of which might well have been spared us, but it was a spirited and successful commencement of the Monday Evenings' Concerts. The only piece in the programme that was not well-chosen, well sung, nor well placed, was the glee and chorus at last, one of Jackson's—"Far in the west"—a long and lugubrious affair, in praise of Albion, Scotia, and Erin. "Sisters of the Sea," &c., &c. We should have had something fatter and better known to have wound up with.

MR. F. THORNE HARRIS has a most attractive programme for his first "Classical Chamber Concert," on Monday next, the 18th instant, when we hope to be present and report a successful beginning of these delightful reunions.

BARNUM TURNED AUTHOR.

"It will be seen by the letter below (addressed to the Editor of the *New York Musical World*), that we under-

stated, in a former number, the profits cleared on the Jenny Lind Concerts, although the amounts we gave were considered (by some persons) preposterously large. Our information came from a direct, and, as we had reason to believe, a reliable source; and several persons who said they had 'seen the books,' corroborated it—among others, Mr. Ullman, the energetic and skilful agent for Madame Sontag. We are glad to learn that the profits were even more than \$10,000 dollars; and we think that the public generally will be highly gratified to know that Mr. Barnum is going to write a book about the Jenny Lind management. We would like to have an interest in the copyright of said publication; for the profits on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will be nothing in comparison to the profits on Barnum's book. 'Barnum's Book!' What a taking title! A fortune is in the very name. But, we are forgetting the letter. Here it is:

"WHAT BARNUM AND JENNY LIND MADE."

"MESSRS. EDITORS.—Under the above caption, I notice in the *Musical World* of the 4th inst., what purports to be a statement from my 'books' of the nett proceeds of the Jenny Lind Concerts, while that lady was singing under engagements with myself. That statement gives the following result:

Jenny Lind	dols. 302,000
P. T. Barnum	308,000
Total	dols. 610,000

"I cannot imagine who pretended to furnish you with a statement of such manifest inaccuracy; but, as the subject has excited some public interest, and occasioned no little newspaper commentary, permit me to mention, positively, that the amounts named are far, very far indeed *below* the plain reality. My portion of the profits certainly exceeded \$308,000 dollars by much more than one 50,000 dollar's, and perhaps by several. If I am ever fortunate enough to secure the necessary 'leisure,' I shall publish a book already in hand, furnishing the full details of the whole Jenny Lind engagement, including the receipts, disbursements, nett profits, and many other curious and interesting facts connected with that subject.

"Truly yours,

"P. T. BARNUM.

"American Museum, Sept. 18, 1852."

Barnum's book will be priceless, invaluable. Europe, no less than America, awaits its publication with a keen desire. Like all Barnum's speculations, his new one will be a "stunner"—a Leviathan fit to subter-navigate the preposterous oceans of popular excitement. Let us have Barnum's book at any sum.

MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

ON THE HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(From the *Manchester Examiner*, Sept. 19.)

The fifth lecture, delivered last evening, took in Hogarth, Smollett, and Fielding. After describing, in words so graphic as almost to reproduce the picture, the scenes of the "Marriage à la Mode," the "Rake's Progress," and the "Idle and Industrious Apprentice," and remarking the direct simplicity of the moral lessons conveyed in these popular parables, Mr. Thackeray spoke of their value, as a complete representation of the manners, even the ideas and sentiments,

of our English ancestors a hundred years ago,—of the peer in velvet and gold lace, the fashionable lady surrounded by foreign singers in a chamber full of gewgaws,—the church of quaint old architecture, with the parson in a great wig, and the beadle with his cane; the prodigal drinks and sports in the bagnio, the poor girl beats hemp in the bridewell, thieves carouse and divide their booty,—one of Walpole's M.P.'s is chaired after his election by the lieges who drink confusion to the Pretender,—grenadiers and city trainbands are marching out to meet the enemy, the Yorkshire waggon rolls into the inn-yards, and among the passengers dismounting there is a country parson, with jack boots and cassock, whom we recognise as some good Parson Adams; or the *Salisbury Fly* starts from the Old Angel, crowded with passengers, who have their handkerchiefs tied down over their hats and faces, each carrying under his arm a sword and a case bottle; or in some other pictures we have a strolling company of actors in a barn, the pretty milkmaid singing under the windows of the enraged musician, noblemen with blacklegs brawling and betting in the cockpit, the quiet artisan in his walk, the beau and the courtier in gilded carriages amid a throng of chairmen—all the multitudinous varieties of life and costume in the painter's age. What kind of man was he who executed these portraits with such admirable fidelity? We could still see his honest face, the bright blue eyes, the keen bright look with which William Hogarth regarded the world—a jovial, honest London citizen; stout and sturdy, a hearty and plain-spoken man, who loved his friend, his glass, and his roast beef of Old England. After touching upon his intense prejudices against everything foreign, and his quarrels with Wilkes and Churchill, the lecturer gave some account of a jolly expedition of Hogarth, together with a party of friends, who (like Mr. Pickwick and his friends, but a hundred years before) took an excursion towards Gravesend and Rochester, enjoying themselves freely, as the London tradesmen did, in a way not very refined, but honest and merry, and like John Bull. He then came to Smollett, and exemplified the sort of life and associates he had, by referring to the account he gives himself of them,—in one of *Humphrey Clinker's* letters. Smollett's was a manly, a kindly and honest, though irascible nature; worn and battered by the struggles of a hard life, getting but niggard pay, after being reviewer, critic, medical writer, poet and pamphleteer, his brain ever busy with a hundred schemes; in his age, sickness and poverty, he had a courage that never sank. His novels were rather recollections of his own adventures and his own character, and he made some queer acquaintances, in the Glasgow College, the country apothecary's shop, and the gun-room of a man-of-war in which he served; he did not invent much, but he had the keenest perceptive faculty, and described whatever he saw with a wonderful relish and humour. The novel of "*Humphrey Clinker*," he (the lecturer) thought, was the most laughable story that ever had been written, since the goodly art of novel-writing had begun. Fielding also, from the circumstances of his birth, his official post, and his good and evil fortunes afterwards, had more than ordinary opportunities for becoming acquainted with the varieties of human life; and he had himself, in some degree, the hero of his book,—at least, he was able to be, with his healthy, robust constitution, his wild, exuberant spirits and joyful humour, partaking heartily of life as men devour the meats and liquors of that Homeric meal—a college breakfast. Yet he (the lecturer) could not hope to make a hero of Fielding; nor would he try to hide his faults in a cloud of paraphrases.

It was better to show him as he was—not in a classic drapery of perfection, but wearing his inky ruffles with their stains of wine, and the marks of wine and of excess with those of care and good fellowship in his noble face. But he retained some of the most splendid qualities which have endowed human nature, an admirable natural love of truth, an instinctive antipathy to all hypocrisy, and the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit was wonderfully keen and detective, flashing upon a rogue and lighting up a rascal like a policeman's lantern! He respected female innocence and infantine tenderness, as such a generous, great, and courageous soul would be sure to do. He was always open to pity—would give away his purse to anybody. He might have low tastes, but not a mean mind; admiring all good and virtuous men, he never stooped to flattery, nor bore rancour towards any one; he did his public duty bravely, was fondly loved by his family, and died at his work. The lecturer then noticed Fielding's principal works, ludicrously contrasting their vigorous and jovial spirit with the tea-table sentimentalities of Richardson, for which he felt such a thorough contempt. After noticing the different opinions of Horace Walpole, Johnson, and Gibbon, as regarded Fielding, Mr. Thackeray expressed his admiration of the wisdom, the humour, and the ingenuity of construction, which he observed in "*Tom Jones*." But against the character of Mr. Jones himself, he put in a decided protest. It had been finely said by Charles Lamb, that "one hearty laugh from *Tom Jones* would clear the air." But that was only in a certain state of the atmosphere. It would clear the air, when such personages as Bliffl and Lady Bellaston were poisoning it; but the air was also rather tainted with Mr. Jones's tobacco and rum punch. It showed how the great humourist's moral sense had been blunted by his life. It was a great error, both in ethics and in art. If it was right to have a hero for the novel whom we should admire, let us at least take care he was admirable; but if, as was believed by some (which would be an unfortunate thing for novelists), there did exist in life no such being as a hero, and if, therefore, in novels, as the picture of life, there should be no such character, then Mr. Jones would become an admissible person, and we could then examine his defects and his good qualities, as we could those of *Parson Thwackum* and *Molly Seagrim*. But a hero with a flawed reputation, sponging on his friends for a dinner or a guinea, one who did not pay his landlord, and let his honour out at hire,—such a character was absurd and untenable. He (Mr. Thackeray), therefore, protested against Jones holding such rank at all; he protested against Jones being considered more than an ordinary young fellow, ruddy-cheeked, big-legged, and fond of pleasure. In fact, he thought a pretty long argument might be sustained on the question as to which of those two characters, Jones or Bliffl, Charles Surface or Joseph Surface, was the worst member of society, and the most deserving our censure. He then criticised the characters in "*Amelia*," looking on Captain Booth, though a sad scamp, tippling and gambling, and neglecting the best of wives, yet as a better man than Jones, because he was humbly sorry for his rascalities, and prayed to be forgiven for the sake of that pure heart who so loved him. *Amelia* he took to be the most beautiful female character ever presented in fiction, not excepting *Desdemona* or any one in Shakespeare. He honoured Fielding for having invented that character; to have done so was not only a triumph of art, but a good action. It was said that Fielding found the original in his own family; and indeed he (the

lecturer) felt that he knew her himself, and believed in her reality, as much as in that of Lady Wortley Montague or any other woman of that age; and he would never cease to thank the kind master who had introduced him to so sweet a companion and friend. This story was not, perhaps, a better story than "Tom Jones"; but its ethics were better. The prodigal in this case repented, before his forgiveness; but that odious Jones was not half enough punished before the great prize of fortune and life fell to his share. He (the lecturer) was angry with Jones, and he thought too much of the reward of life was made to fall into the hands of that boisterous, swaggering scamp-grace. Mr. Thackery concluded with an eloquent reflection on the potent genius, that makes all these imaginative characters to be present with us, so that, as if we had met them in our own experience, we sympathise with their fate, and judge their conduct.

Original Correspondence.

SYMPHONIES AND OVERTURES.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR.—Allow me to offer some remarks on the publication of symphonies and overtures for the orchestra.

As the musical public increases, it appears that there is a want of change of the above class of music, to insert with others in the programmes of frequent orchestral performances; not that we are tired, or ever shall be, of hearing the symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart, and the matchless overture of the *Zauberflöte*: yet still more is wanted; and there are numbers of both to be culled from our continental neighbours, which would gratify the English public. "But," you ask, "how is this to be done?" and you will probably add—"only just walk into any of our publishers' shops, and show them a score of a symphony, and you will see the proprietor stand appalled as much as if the ghost of Hamlet, or Uncle Tom, stood before him." The expence of such works, either in score or partition, is very great in England, and the sale is only limited to a few, consequently, no publisher, single handed, dare risk it.

The only feasible plan I see, is for all the principal publishers to unite, and do it by subscription, and each take a certain number of copies; I have no doubt the opera houses, theatres, and various societies would join in such an undertaking. I think it is worth a trial.

Yours, October 11, 1852.

MR. LOVELL PHILLIPS SENT TO COVENTRY.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

DEAR SIR.—On my way from the festival at Hereford to that of Norwich, I remained for a day at Coventry, and having heard that there was a very fine organ in the principal church, and also that the organist would be there in the evening to practise the choir, I went at that time, and having sent my card to him, I was addressed as follows, and in a very abrupt and uncourteous manner: "Mr. Phillips." I advanced, "Pray, what do you want?" To this extraordinary interrogatory, I replied, that being on my way from Hereford to Norwich, and having heard that his organ was a very fine one, should feel much obliged if he would allow me to remain and hear it. This request was refused in so uncourteous a manner, that I demanded my card again, which I should not have done under other circumstances. My only reason for writing to you, Mr. Editor, is, perhaps, to prevent any of my brother professors, whom an engagement might send to Coventry, being played upon by the organist, Mr. Simms, from whose incivility I judge that, whatever other organ he may have, the "organ" of politeness is one that does not enter into his phonological development.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WM. LOVELL PHILLIPS.

9, Camden Cottages, Camden Town.

October 11th, 1852.

Dramatic.

HAYMARKET.—The only bills—save, by the way, bills of fare—which we are always ready to meet, not only willingly, but with absolute pleasure, are play-bills, and more especially those headed "Ben. Webster," and signed "Leigh Murray." In the commercial world, men feel pretty sure when they accept a bill with only one good name to it, and, therefore, the theatre-going public, who get two good names instead of one, may reckon themselves pretty certain of not losing anything. At the Haymarket, we can assure them, they will never have cause to complain of there being "no effects." On the contrary, they will always find plenty of effects of the most legitimate description, produced by some of the first artistes in the world, in some of the best plays. In support of this assertion, we have only to refer to Mr. Webster's programme since the commencement of the season, and to the crowded audiences which fill the house every night. So attractive, indeed, have the performances proved, that, with the exception of two new farces, of which we shall speak presently, there has been no alteration in them. *Money*, *The Foundlings*, and *The Road to Ruin*, still continue to please the public and benefit the manager. Pieces such as these, played in the manner in which they are now being played, raise the character of a theatre in an artistic and literary point of view, at the same time that they necessarily prove profitable in a pecuniary sense, and Mr. Webster stands a fair chance of being entitled to exclaim with Horace:

"Exegi monumentum perennius aro;"

which, for the benefit of our lady readers, we crave permission to say means, "By presenting works of this description I have gained myself a name in the annals of the drama which will be more lasting than all the tin I made (though that was by no means to be sneezed at)."

Miss Rosa Bennett justifies the opinion we expressed of her in our number of last week. She will prove a very great acquisition to any theatre, and occupy a place which for some time has not been satisfactorily filled, that is to say, provided she chooses to exert herself, and exercise a proper amount of energy and perseverance in that most arduous of all professions which she has chosen. Nature has done much for her; hard work must do the rest. It is, we believe, a fact in natural history vouch'd for by grave and learned practitioners of the medical profession, that a man can live a long period on his own fat—of course, if he has got any, and does not happen, like ourselves, to be as free from that particular substance as a herring more or less red—but it is a fatal error for a young actress to suppose that she can exist for the most limited time on the success of a *début*. Therefore do we say to Miss Rosa Bennett, do not suppose that with the triumph of a first night all necessity for exertion has ceased. Recollect the Spanish proverb, and beware of your friends. Make up your mind to work incessantly, and go in and win golden opinions from, etc.

On Saturday last, a new farce adapted from a French piece entitled *Une Idée Fine*, and called *The Woman I Adore*, was produced with success. The plot turns upon the passion of Mr. Paddington Green (Mr. Buckstone) for the Countess of Tiverton (Mrs. L. S. Buckingham). It is almost needless to say that Mr. Paddington Green, who is managing clerk in the office of Buzzard, Falcon, and Co., finds his aristocratic propensities lead him into all sorts of dilemmas, and it is quite needless to say that Mr.

Buckstone succeeded in making them extremely ludicrous in the eyes of the audience, who gave the most unmistakeable marks of their approbation. Besides the characters we have mentioned—and others which we have not mentioned, and which we do not intend to mention—there is the Hon. Mrs. Major General Smiler, a woman owning a considerable amount of strength of mind, and formerly possessing a husband, who to his other qualities, good, bad, or indifferent, added that of Major General of Marines. This lady found an admirable representative in Mrs. Selby. The piece is of rather a slight nature, but any defect of this kind is amply compensated by the quaintness and humour of dialogue for which Mr. Maddison Morton is so well known. The applause at the fall of the curtain was hearty and unanimous. The second farce, to which we have already referred, was produced on Thursday, and is called *Box and Cox Married and Settled*. The title alone would be sufficient to make every one go and see the piece, even if the latter were not full of the most uproarious fun from beginning to end. It is hardly fair to deprive our readers of the pleasure of a surprise, but as we feel convinced that they all are anxiety to know what their old favourites have been about, we will just say that Box and Cox fall in love—Box and Cox get married—Box and Cox accidentally bring their wives to Mrs. Bouncer's apartments, so famous for their strange power of diminishing the bulk of coals and decreasing the number of lucifer matches and candles—Box and Cox mutually communicate all the details of their lives since they parted from each other—one of the details in the life of each of the said Box and Cox being a baby—Box and Cox are on the point of having a very serious misunderstanding but—Box and Cox think better of it, and announce the piece for repetition every night until further notice, much to their own satisfaction, and greatly to the delight of their audience. We certainly never saw a piece go off better on the first night. The audience were in a roar from beginning to end at the eccentricities of Buckstone and Keeley, who were of course the two principal dramatic personæ, and who delivered with unerring effect the very numerous points with which the author, Mr. Sterling Coyne, has liberally interspersed some of his most happy dialogue. We must not omit making honourable mention of Mesdames L. S. Buckingham and Mrs. Caulfield, for the excellent manner in which they played Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Box respectively. We do not much like prophecying, because we may be wrong, but it is our decided opinion that Box and Cox will prove as popular in their new characters as they formerly were in their old ones. We really do not know of any marriage, for some time past, which has caused us so much pleasure. We can assure Mr. Sterling Coyne that he has made "a hit, a palpable hit."

The MARIONETTE THEATRE is shortly about to be opened for an entertainment somewhat in the style of Albert Smith's Mont Blanc. The new aspirant for public fame is a Mr. Wodin, and if he only please the public with his *Carpet-bag and Sketch Book* as much as he did us with those portions which we have heard, he will have no cause to regret a lack of patronage.

STRAND THEATRE.—This theatre is now under American management, the lessee being Mr. Dumbolton, and the nightly amusements are of an American character. Balfe's opera, *The Bohemian Girl*, has been well travestied, and "Sambo's" description of it is very amusing. The chief attractions, however, are, the African opera troupe and Lucy

Long's dance, the former reminding us strongly of the Ethiopian Serenaders Pell. The original "bones" is amongst the Strand darkies, and his quiet humour seems to be an unfailing remedy for the "blue devils" if any of the audience should chance to be afflicted with that complaint incidental to the present foggy season. Altogether the African troupe are well worth hearing; there are some good voices amongst them, and their musical programme is dashed off with much spirit and humorousunction. Pell's song of the "Blue-tail'd Fly," is original and comic, and his impersonation of "Lucy Long" is excellent and to "the life." These American entertainments are well worthy of a visit. Mr. Dumbolton has managed to collect a good and useful company together for such performances, and an hour may be spent at the Strand Theatre quietly and pleasantly. *Uncle Tom's Crib*, is dramatised and in rehearsal, and will be produced in the early part of next week.

Provincial.

READING.—GLEE AND MADRIGAL CONCERT.—We have had cause so often to speak of the merits of the *artistes* who compose the Glee and Madrigal Union, that it would be a work of supererogation now to characterise those varied and graceful attainments in the art of song by which, on Wednesday evening last, we were more delighted than on any previous occasion. As on previous occasions the assembly room at the New Hall was the scene of rank and fashion, most of the families of the aristocracy in the town and neighbourhood being present, though the inclemency of the weather prevented many attending. The first part of the performance was opened by Webbe's "When winds breathe soft along the silent deep." Those who are familiar with the association of sounds of which this composer has constructed his unique and matchless glee, can easily imagine the effect produced by the combination of the voices of Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Williams, and Messrs. Lockey, Hobbs, and Phillips. "Ye spotted snakes," was also admirably performed, the utmost smoothness and beauty of intonation pervading it throughout; but we were much delighted with a madrigal, by Macfarren, which for constructiveness and sweetness may almost be pronounced unequalled. Some fine chords, exquisitely conceived, in which all the sweet, the pathetic, and the majestic powers of the human voice are called into action without any particular straining to produce effect, or the least violation of the laws which regulate the composition of music, were beautifully given. The instrumental part of the concert was also deserving that applause with which it was received. The first selections performed were from Beethoven. It is refreshing to meet Beethoven in a concert room, for there are beauties in his compositions which do not catch what is vulgarly termed the popular eye. Mr. Lockey again appeared in the favourite air of "Nina," and, as matter of course, was very loudly encored; he also sang in the absence of Miss Williams, who was announced to sing "The lonely bird," but was prevented because of harseness. Mrs. Endersohn was also fine in "Le Berger sur la Montagne." The accentuation was good, and the eccentric flights of Schubert, in this plaintive ballad, put to a severe test the powers of her voice. The duet by Mr. R. Blagrove, on the concertina, and Miss Hannah Binfield on the harp, was decidedly a treat; both artists were equal in the skill and gracefulness with which they performed on their favourite instruments. We must, however, add, that it was a source of congratulation that in this select corps of accomplished musicians, Reading was able to produce the lady whose name we have just recorded. It is at all times really delightful to hear the harp well played, but in Miss Hannah Binfield's hands it is made to elicit effects beyond those of ordinary performers. Upon this occasion she did not diminish a reputation deservedly acquired. The applause which followed was due as much to the performance as to the kindly feeling with which the performer is regarded. We shall look forward with the highest anticipation to another announcement of a glee and madrigal concert; meanwhile we hope the en-

terprise and assiduity of the promoters will meet with the most satisfactory and substantial return.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.—(From our own Correspondent).—On Friday evening last the first of a series of concerts was given at our Theatre, which presented a brilliant display of beauty and aristocracy, all the authorities and families of distinction of the neighbourhood being present. The stage was divested of all its scenery, and converted into a magnificent saloon, supported on both sides with pillars, which had a pleasing as well as imposing appearance. The arrangements were accomplished in the usual costly manner, which characterises the undertakings of the spirited lessor, Mr. Newcombe. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.		
Overture—“Der Freischütz”	... Weber.	
Aria—“Oh, for an eagle’s pinions, (“Lucia”)	Mrs. A. Newton	
Aria—“Il mio tesoro”	... Alexander Newton	Donizetti.
Aria—“Il segreto,” (“Lucrezia Borgia,”)	... Mr. George Tedder	Mozart.
Cavatina—“O luce di quest’ anima,” (“Linda”)	... Miss Fanny Huddart	Donizetti.
Solo—Pianoforte, “La Cracovienne,”	Mrs. H. Reed Wallace.	
Duet—“We come to thee, Savoy,” the Misses	Huddart	
Chorus—“The Gypsies’ tent.”	Mrs. A. Newton	Donizetti.

PART II.		
Symphony—In “F”	... Beethoven.	
Romanza—“Angiol d’Amore,”	Mr. George Tedder	Donizetti.
Song—“Lo! here the gentle lark,”	Mrs. A. Newton	
Duet—“When thy bosom,”	Miss Fanny Young	Bishop.
Duet—“Violin and Pianoforte,	and Mr. Rolfe	Braham.
Trio and Chorus—“The chough and crow”—Solo Voices, Mrs. A. Newton, Miss F. Huddart, and Mr. Howlett	... Benedict & De Beriot.	
New Song—“She is not here,”	Mr. Geo. Tedder	
Duet—“O wert thou in the cauld blast,”	Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Huddart, accompanied by Mrs. Henry Reed	Macfarren.
Chorus—“Fishermen’s” (“Masaniello”)	... Mendelssohn.	Auber.

The opening overture, which was rendered in the very spirit of the author, gave proof of the efficiency of the orchestra. Then followed the aria, “Oh for an eagle’s pinions!” by Mrs. Alexander Newton; by no means an easy piece; but this talented lady was quite equal to its execution. Mr. George Tedder’s tenor song, “Il mio tesoro,” was but mediocre. There is a want of volubility in his style; his range is rather limited, and in rapid passages he does not articulate with sufficient clearness. The accompaniment was not exactly the thing: it was too loud. The aria from *Lucrezia Borgia*, “Il segreto,” was sung with much animation by Miss Fanny Huddart, who possesses a fine contralto voice, and it most deservedly met with an encore. Wallace’s elaborate, but at the same time pleasing solo for the pianoforte, *La Cracovienne*, was executed in brilliant style by Mrs. H. Reed. In the quickest passages there is no confusion—no indistinctness: every note is heard; and in the variations she brings out the theme with unerring fidelity. Marks of approval were accorded at every pause in the performance; and at its conclusion, one spontaneous expression of applause from all parts of the house greeted the end of the *exécante*. A duet by the Misses Huddart, “We come to thee, Savoy!” was neatly sung. I have heard Miss Mary Huddart before, but on this occasion she surpassed herself. The cavatina, “O luce di quest’ anima,” by Mrs. A. Newton, was remarkably sweet. The introduction was gracefully given, and the latter and quicker movement was sparkling, and most delicately touched off. A repetition was called for. She again appeared, and sang in place

of the cavatina, the Scotch * song of “Robin Adair.” A numerous chorus then wound up the first part of the concert by singing effectively, “The gypsies’ tent.” The second part opened with Beethoven’s symphony in F, which was performed with evident intention and endeavour, by a full and select band of instrumentalists. Mr. G. Tedder followed with an Italian *romanza* by Donizetti, “Angiol d’amore”; but we were not particularly struck with it. “Lo! here the gentle lark” was exquisitely sung by Mrs. A. Newton. This was her crowning effort; her shake was as clear as a bell. She was well accompanied by Mr. Perry, to whom were entrusted the flute obligato passages. A repetition was demanded with acclamation; it was promptly granted, and had the song been called for a third time, I should have listened to it with gratification. In place of the duet by Miss Fanny Young and Mr. Rolfe (see programme), in consequence of the lady being indisposed—but of which, by the way, I think announcement ought to have been made to the audience—Mr. Rolfe sang the ballad of “Sally in our alley.” The dilettanti did not approve his choice, but it pleased “the many,” who heartily shouted “encore,” and brought the singer again before them. A great treat was afforded in the duet (violin and pianoforte) by Mr. and Mrs. H. Reed. In this performance we thoroughly enjoyed the concord of sweet sounds. “The chough and crow” (trio and chorus), in which Mrs. A. Newton, Miss F. Huddart, and Mr. Howlett were the solo voices, was next in the programme. Mr. Howlett is not a powerful bass singer; and Miss F. Huddart sang her solo in too *regretful* a style. It begins—

“Both child and nurse are fast asleep.”

Is not this circumstance adverted to as affording an opportunity to the revellers to meet? If so, far from being a subject of regret, it is one for cheerful gratulation. I venture this as a suggestion. Mr. G. Tedder substituted (without apology) “The death of Nelson” for “She is not here.” In this song he appeared to greater advantage than in his former essays. He seemed to be more at home with the subject, and to sing with greater confidence. I was much pleased with the duet, “O wert thou in the cauld blast,” by Mrs. A. Newton and Miss F. Huddart. Mrs. Reed very prettily accompanied this duet on the pianoforte, her style being easy and unobtrusive. The fisherman’s chorus (*Masaniello*) was given with vigour by the chorus of fifty voices; to which was added, as a finale, “God save the Queen,” by the orchestra.—I have not space to speak particularly of the instrumentalists, but cannot omit to mention Mr. Russell (contra-basso), Mr. Heydon (violoncello), Mr. Rogers (oboe), Mr. Perry (flute), as deserving the warmest commendation. Mr. H. Reed conducted with much ability; and Mr. Glover merits praise for the manner in which he led the choruses. On the whole, therefore, the concert afforded much pleasure; and I look forward with considerable interest to the second of the series, which is to take place on the 22nd instant, and for which Madame Weiss, Mr. Travers, and Mr. W. H. Weiss are already engaged.

ADOLPHIE ADAM AND “LE CHALET.”

The following account of the manner in which the celebrated Adolphe Adam’s celebrated opera of *Le Chalet* was written will, we are sure, not be without interest to the readers of the *Musical World*.

It was in 1834, exactly eighteen years ago, Monsieur Crosnier had just been named manager of the Opéra Comique. I had first made his acquaintance when he was manager of the Théâtre des Nouveautés, at the time when I was engaged on little pieces, such as *Caleb Valentine*, etc., in which there was music interspersed. A feeling of friendship, which still subsists, then sprang up between us, and the first proof that Mons. Crosnier gave me of it, was his singling out me to compose the music of a piece which Scribe and Mélesville had read him. I had written a great number of Vaudeville airs for the first of these two authors, and he had often promised to give me a libretto, but I produced several operas before he was enabled to fulfil his promise. He eagerly seized the op-

* “Robin Adair” is an old Irish melody—one of Ireland’s very oldest—“Eileen Aroon.” Robin himself was an Irishman.—ED.

portunity afforded him by Mons. Crosnier and read me the piece at his country-house at Montalais,

"Many persons had already attempted to adapt the subject of *Le Chalet*, which was originally Goethe's, to the stage, but no one had ever succeeded. By strange chance, the very first air I ever composed for a théâtre was for an unsuccessful vaudeville on this very same subject, played at the Gymnase. I had a confused recollection of it, but at the reading I did not perceive the great skill with which Scribe had avoided the very dangerous nature of the principal idea. In Goethe's piece, a rejected lover enters the young girl's house and breaks everything that comes within his reach, in order to impress her with a sense of her isolated position. By changing the lover into the young girl's brother, Scribe anticipated the scruples of a French public. I accepted the piece with great eagerness, as it struck me as being well adapted for music, but I was far from perceiving its real worth, or the degree of success it was destined to enjoy."

"The artistes who were to interpret my work were excellent. I may mention Inchindi, who was to make his *début* in it, Coudere, who then possessed a tenor of most delicious quality, and Madame Pradher, whose graceful, fascinating appearance was so irresistible that she would have eclipsed actresses of the very highest talent.

"I had scarcely returned home, ere I placed myself at my piano. Perhaps I was desirous of doing too well, but, at any rate, for three days I was not able to give birth to the most miserable idea; I was completely at standstill. On the evening of the third day, I retired to rest, weeping like a child. I felt persuaded that my career as a composer was at an end, and that I had expended all the musical ideas which Heaven had allotted me. I knew, however, that the copyists and the actors were waiting for me. I rose the next morning in a greater state of despair than the evening before. 'Come, come,' I said to myself, 'let me make another effort: let me look up the things I have already written and which are not known in Paris; perhaps I shall find something or other which I can turn to account. My glance fell upon the manuscript of a ballet on *Faust*, which I had produced at London two years previously. There was a dance of demons in it which might be adapted to a chorus of drinkers.'

"I attempted to adapt the music to the words, but without success, and I composed those two verses, so ridiculously celebrated, and for which Scribe has been so reproached, although he was perfectly innocent of any part in them—

"Du vin, du rhum et puis du rac,
Ça fait du bien à l'estomac."

"From this moment, everything proceeded as if by enchantment; that same day, I composed the music for the couplets: *Dans le Service de l'Autrichie*, and terminated the grand *morceau* that evening. The next day, thanks to the recollection of some national air which I had heard in Switzerland I composed the introduction to the overture and the music of the couplets: *Dans ce modeste et simple arceau*, and, by the help of the motive of a trio for a *pièce de circonstance* which I had produced in 1830 (the reader sees that I confess all my faults) I wrote the allegro for the duet between the two men. By this time, my imagination was excited; I had no longer any need to search my past, forgotten, and unknown works for ideas; I drew the rest from the inspiration of the moment. On the fifteenth day, I had completed the instrumentation of the whole piece.

"The success was less great at first than it afterwards was. Troupernas, who was the fashionable publisher of the time, refused to buy the music. The whole trade seemed to have concluded a private league between themselves. A young man who was just commencing business was bold enough to offer me 4000 francs payable in a year, if the sale were good. I was about to conclude the bargain, when a real publisher took a tremendous resolution and bought my work for 5000 francs, to be paid ten days after the first representation. It is for him to say whether or not his speculation was a profitable one."

"ADOLPHE ADAM, *De l'Institut.*"

Reviews of Music.

"MAZEPPA GALOP."

"THE GOLD DUST SCHOTTISCHE"—Composed by P. D. GUGIELMO.

"POMPEII WALTZ"—Ditto, ditto. G. Dix and Co.

Though entirely simple, and undivested of any striking musical point, the "Mazeppa Galop" is quaint and pretty. The picture in the frontispiece, of Mazeppa tied to the horse, from the well-known engraving, is excellently lithographed, by R. J. Hawerton.

The "Gold Dust Schottische" has the recommendation of having a frontispiece powdered with gold dust, and lettered in purple. But the purple and the dust are not its sole recommendations. The Schottische is well written, commences with elegance, has a graceful trio, and winds up in the coda with spirit and effect. The difficulties, so to speak, are none to the pianist, the piece being within the mastery of moderate performers.

P. D. Gugielmo has aimed at originality and quaintness in his waltz. He has hit the latter. His waltz is quaint. Also, P. D. G.'s waltz is rhythmical and well marked. What more need there be said of P. D. Gugielmo's waltz? No more!

"SOFTLY THE SHADES OF EVENING FALL,"—Monody to the Memory of Moore.—Words by Mrs. Culhane—Music by Morgan Culhane, Esq.—Dedicated to the Irish Nation—Arranged by J. H. Wright. Fred. Wright, Brighton; Bussell, Dublin; Addison and Hollier, London.

Mrs. Culhane is an Irish poetess, but not a practised one, if we judge from the grave error in the introduction, in which she makes "soul" rhyme with "own." Her words, if not worthy of the subject, are worthy of herself. The tune is tuneful, and some what original, if we are to take the close of the first part as a criterion; and Mr. Wright's harmonies are harmonious. Being dedicated to the Irish Nation, our recommendation can have but little weight.

"ISABELLA SCHOTTISCHE"—For the pianoforte—Composed by WILLIAM GRILLIER, "Première Etude," ditto, ditto. Rousselet and Co.

Two well-written and useful pieces, which the somewhat advanced pupil may turn to good account. We can, and do, recommend both.

"FLOWERS OF THE BALL-ROOM"—Nos. 1, 2, and 3—"FATHERLAND WALTZ"—J. GUNG'L—"WESTMORELAND POLKA"—J. GUNG'L—"SALAMANCA QUADRILLE"—H. VOGLER, Jewell and Letchford. This is a collection of the newest fashionable and popular musique dansante by the most favourite composers, performed at the Court and nobility's balls, and at the principal places of public amusement. The publishers have commenced capitally. Two of Gung'l's best dances, and a capital quadrille by Vogler, promise well for "Flowers of the Ball Room."

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Mons. Brizzi, one of the most celebrated singers of the old Théâtre Italien in Paris, has just died in Mouaco, at a very advanced age. He was not more famous for his talent than for the peculiarities of his character. The following anecdotes concerning him are not generally known:

One day, a country musician, who had pestered him a great deal on several occasions, called at his house.

"Tell him that I am in bed," said Brizzi to his servant.

"Sir," replied his valet, after having obeyed his orders, "the gentleman says he will stop till you get up."

"Tell him that I am very ill, then."

"If you please, Sir, he says he knows two or three excellent remedies that will do you a deal of good."

"Tell him that I am at the last gasp, and have no chance of recovery."

"He says that, if that is the case, Sir, he cannot think of your dying without his taking leave of you."

"Say I am already dead."

"If you please, Sir, he says he should like to sprinkle your corpse with holy water."

"In that case," said Brizzi, whose stock of excuses was exhausted, "let him come in."

One evening, as he was playing at piquet with an individual of the name of Goussant, who was celebrated for his stupidity, Brizzi made a fault. He instantly perceived it, however, and exclaimed :

"Ah! how Goussant I am!"

"Sir," said Goussant, "you are a fool."

"Did I not say so?" asked Brizzi.

"No,"

"Well, if I did not, I meant to do so."

One morning, as he was dressing, there were a great many persons, as usual, in his room. Suddenly, he missed a very valuable watch, and complained of the loss. One of those present immediately cried out;

"Shut the doors, and let every one be searched."

"On the contrary," replied Brizzi, "as I do not wish to know the thief, I beg that you will all quit the room. The watch is a repeater, and if it happened to strike, it would expose him."

Brizzi was generous to excess. He used actually to be obliged to give his servant his money to keep for him, in order to preserve it from the numerous sharpers by whom he was almost always surrounded.

"Here, Joseph," said he, one day, pulling a handful of gold out of his pocket, "take care of that for me."

"Why do you not keep it yourself, Sir?" said his servant.

"I think it will incommodate me."

"It cannot do that, Sir, in your coat pocket," replied Joseph.

"You are right," said Brizzi; "I will keep it then."

But Brizzi was not destined to retain possession of the money in question for very long. The manner in which he lost it was so characteristic that we will relate it.

One of his tradesmen, to whom he was rather deeply indebted having heard that he had received a hundred *louis d'or*, begged Joseph to prevail on Brizzi to pay his account. Joseph promised to speak to his master on the subject that same evening.

"Sir," said he, "Father Michot has sent in his small bill this morning, and if you would have the kindness to pay it —"

"Alas!" replied Brizzi, in a melancholy tone, "you have come too late, my poor Joseph. I have no money left."

"How have you spent it, Sir?"

"I have not spent it!"

"Then you have lost it at play?"

"I never play, my faithful Joseph—I am not rich enough for that."

"Ah! I see it all," cried his servant. "Have you not just left your friend, the Chevalier de T——?"

"Yes."

"He has taken your money?"

"Without doubt, he has," replied Brizzi, with a sigh. "The poor fellow told me that he had not got a rap, so I let him have what he wanted. To tell the truth, he has not left me a single stiver. You see, Joseph, you are too late. Why the devil did you refuse to take charge of my money for me this morning?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOKEN OF RESPECT.—Colonel Marten and the officers of the 1st Royal Dragoons have presented their respected band-master, Mr. John Oakden, who has performed in the band of the regiment for nearly twenty-six years, and is now retiring, with a very handsome and massive silver bowl, bearing the following inscription :—

"From Colonel Marten and the officers of the Royal Dragoons, to Mr. J. Oakden, in grateful remembrance of his past services as leader of the band of the regiment. September, 1852." This substantial mark of respect entertained towards Mr. Oakden, was presented in the mess-room at Holme Barracks, Manchester, in the presence of the officers of the regiment; on which occasion the

Colonel was pleased to pass a high eulogium on the general abilities and attention exhibited by Mr. Oakden in the performance of his duties throughout this long period of service. We understand that Mr. Oakden is to be succeeded as bandmaster by his son, Mr. W. Oakden.—*Manchester Guardian*.

CONCERT GIVEN FOR THE POOR OF SAINT MANDE, NEAR PARIS.

The friends of the talented Madame Lemaire will be pleased to read the enthusiastic remarks of a Parisian journal, on her performances at a recent Concert, which, however extravagant, are not utterly devoid of truth. "Those who attend this kind of Concert are generally prepared to meet a few disappointments. There is, however, no role without an exception, and little did the crowded audience at the Concert of St. Mandé expect to hear one of the most excellent singers that has appeared in France for many years. After a series of disappointments occasioned by colds, &c., an interesting young woman with fine black eyes, jet black hair, and Spanish complexion, whose name was not on the programme, volunteered the aid of her marvellous talent. She had no sooner sung a few notes than thrill of delight and astonishment was manifested by the audience. She sang nothing less than the famous Brindisi of *Lucrezia Borgia*—Alboni alone sings it as she did, with that breadth of style and transporting vivacity. As she finished the whole audience arose and unapinchusly applauded the superior talent of the young cantatrice, who, radiant with her triumph, gracefully acknowledged the thunder of applause which accompanied her last notes. I had some difficulty in ascertaining that this lady is, notwithstanding her Spanish *Tournure*, an Englishwoman by birth. Her name is Madame Lemaire, she is a pupil of the successful Maestro Baron Celli. Madame Lemaire, though unknown in Paris, is already a first-rate artist. She sang last season in London with great success, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that she has a brilliant career open before her."—(From *La Naide*)—[Whatever diversity of opinion may exist as to the marvellous talents of Madame Lemaire, there can be none concerning the style of the writer in the *Naide*.—ED. M. W.]

M. SIVORI.—This eminent violinist recently gave his last Concert at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Paris, with M. Alfred Gilardoni, the contra-hasse. Gilardoni, like Sivori, is a great artist, and the one is well worthy of the other, which is saying much for both. Each was recalled at the termination of each performance.

LA MI-AOUT ; OU LES MIAOURS DE NAPOLEON-LE-PETIT.—London: JEFFS, No. 15, *Burlington Arcade*.—The Chevalier de Chatelain, known as the author of "Rambles through Rome," and other works of merit, has under the above title written a severe and by no means unjust satire on the present Prince President—but future Emperor of France. It is in the form of a burlesque poem, and for smartness may rival any of the productions suggested by Louis Napoleon's "slaughtering" policy and ambitious motives. We do not envy the Chevalier's fate should he be rash enough to visit Paris, for his only salvation would unquestionably be a *flying visit*. We think, however, that in a few months the present current "golden Louis" of France will degenerate to the value of a *sous*. We recommend the "Mi-Aout," as a clever "cry," worthy of notice. We perceive that the Chevalier de Chatelain is about to publish a work of more general interest than the present reigning "Code Napoleon," of sanguinary memory; it being neither more nor less than a book entitled—(Angl.) "The Beauties of English Poetry"—called impartially from the flowers of all imaginations of merit irrespective of mere name.

POVERTY OF LITERARY MEN.—I will inquire about the most cultivated and distinguished literary men, and men of genius of the present century, and ask if their success in life can support the doctrine of their being inadequately requited, in comparison with far less gifted individuals in intellectual and other walks of life. Where are their bishops, and judges, and eminent physicians, where even their deans, and rectors, their prebendaries, their middle rank barristers, their well-fed general practitioners? For a history they may get as much as a counsel with a brief; for a romance, as much as a popular actor for a night's performance; for an immortal poem—nothing. Yet this, forsooth, is the order who ought to be thankful for the blessings showered upon them by an indulgent and

munificent public; whose deserts are fully acknowledged, whose exertions are more than suitably rewarded. Ingrates to complain! Yet did Sir Walter Scott, the most productive of authors, die rich? Perhaps it may be answered that his wreck of fortune was the result of improvident speculation in the purchase of land, and in building. His ambition aimed, as I believe, at founding, not a baronetcy, but a peerage; and the great wizard fell. But did Moore, never an imprudent or extravagant liver, and largely assisted as he was by the sale of music and a pension, die die rich? Courted and flattered by the high and fair for many a bright year, he finished his brilliant career in the retirement of a lowly Wiltshire cottage, and was carried almost without an attendant mourner to a sequestered grave. No doubt some one or some subscriptions will give him a stone.—[Since I wrote this I observe that a subscription for a monument has been opened under high auspices, but does not seem to fill well.] Did Campbell, also kept from absolute dependence upon his pen by a pension, die rich, or even in comfortable circumstances? Truly, his pleasures throughout his life were more of hope than reality. But for his connection with periodical literature, the author of the noblest lyrics in the English language could scarcely have kept a decent house over his head. Did the witty Theodore Hook, the author of so many pleasant volumes, die rich? or was he supported, not extravagantly, but merely in a gentlemanly style by periodical writing to die poor? Did the ingenious and laborious Loudon, notwithstanding the vast extent of his publications, die rich, or with his copyrights in pawn? Yet he lived prudently and economically. Did the equally laborious and instructive Mausunder, who spent his days, not in luxury, but humble retirement, die rich? I do not think he could leave the amount of a tapist's quarter's salary behind him. Is John Britton, the veteran pioneer, to do so many and such great national improvements in cathedral architecture, the opener of a wide and encouraging field for the fine arts, the able and indefatigable archaeologist before archeology became a sort of fashion—is John Britton wealthy, or was he not the other day only, in his 81st year, much consoled by the grant of even a paltry pension? Genius or drudgery! the same fate attends them. How is it with the laureate and popular poet, Tennyson? Without his sack and salary, and a pension too, his situation, I fear, would not be one to be envied by a respectable tailor in a small way. How is it with Charles Swain, one of the most natural and sweetest of English bards? His hands can happily be engaged to aid his head, and if the engraver could not do something the poet might starve. All are but the Dr. Johnsons and Oliver Goldsmiths of our times. Generation after generation there is only a repetition of the same course. The exceptions—few and far between—confirm the rule. The brothers Chambers of Edinburgh, and Dickens, in London, are the only two who occur to me to have done as well through literature, as if their talents had been directed to professional pursuits. Thackeray, with all his abilities, made more money, I fancy, by a dozen of lectures than by several of his popular publications.—*Autobiography of Wm. Jerdan.*

THE LATE MR. G. R. PORTER.—One of Mr. Porter's first essays in the way of authorship was an anonymous article on Life Assurance, written for "The Companion to the Almanac." By this article he was, we are told, first introduced to Mr. Charles Knight; and it was not long before the publisher was enabled to do his author a good turn. Mr. Knight (we believe we are not violating confidence) was written to by the late Lord Auckland, then the president of the Board of Trade, requesting that he would wait on that minister at his office at his earliest convenience,—and on a matter of some moment. Mr. Knight waited as promptly on his lordship as his predecessor old Jacob Tonson would have waited on Sir Robert Walpole for the printing of Sacheverel's or Atterbury's trial. Lord Auckland, at the interview, asked Mr. Knight if he were willing to undertake the task of arranging and digesting for the board the mass of information contained in blue books and parliamentary returns; in short, if he would do for the Board of Trade what Mr. Porter has since done so well, and what Mr. Fonblanche continues to do for the same office with the same accuracy and success. Mr. Knight hesitated. This engagement, should he accept it, must necessarily interfere in a great measure with his business as a publisher. In this dilemma, he consulted a distinguished friend, and by that friend was advised to wait on

Lord Auckland and decline the office. This he did, and the property of Lord Auckland's confidence in Mr. Knight was shown by the wise recommendation which, at his lordship's request, he made of a person fit for the new office. Mr. Knight named Mr. Porter, and to him the office was given.—*Athenaeum.*

MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS, FOR THE VOICE AND PIANOFORTE. By W. H. Grattan. Consisting of:—1. "Remembrance," imitated from Korner's Erinnerung. 2. "The Song of Night," Poetry, MS. 3. "Yes, I remember well our meeting." From the Russian of Pushchkin. 4. "Mignon's Song," From the Wilhelm Meister. 5. "Go where the water glideth over," Poetry, MS. 6. "On Jordan's banks," BYRON. 7. "Musical Thoughts by Stream," Rondo for the Pianoforte, from a MS. sonata. 8. "L'Allegro." A musical illustration of Milton's poem. 9. "Wearily, oh! wearily." Poetry by Miss Eliza Lockett. 10. "The Dirge," P. B. Shelley. 11. "The World's Wanderers," P. B. Shelley. Many of our readers will have a personal recollection of Mr. Grattan, who was some few years ago a resident in Manchester. He was known as an elegant pianist, and the composer of many beautiful ballads. He is now located in the great metropolis, and we are glad to see that the demands which his profession makes upon his time and his energies have permitted him to add to the list of his compositions. It is not our intention to speak in detail of the above compositions; but we venture to say generally, that they are very far above the average. Mr. Grattan belongs to the German school of music. His earlier compositions had a very strong smack of Weber, but we think he has fairly worked himself free of all imitation, and that he has a distinct style of his own. He is not remarkable for striking individuality in regard to his melodies; but, on the other hand, he is a talented harmonist, and a master of modulation. He produces as much effect by his accompaniment as by his melody, sometimes very much more. To such as look for pretty, marked melody, melody that easily stands alone without the aid of harmony (such as we find so abundant in Mozart, Weber, and Rossini), and are comparatively indifferent to the beauty of harmony and modulation, Mr. Grattan will not prove particularly attractive. But he possesses what we hold to be of greater value, a richness, fulness, and great tact in development, that brings out the spirit of the poetry even more completely than the most perfect melody. In the beautiful song of "The world's wanderers" (dedicated to Herr Staudigl, and recently sung by him at a concert in London), the accompaniments are luxuriously beautiful, a perfect prodigality of the most delicate modulation, which rivets the attention while it powerfully expresses the feeling embodied in the words. The most perfect form of musical composition doubtless combines a marked individuality of melodial expression with harmony perfectly adapted. The "Batti, batti," and the "Vedrai carino" of Mozart, are amongst the most exquisite specimens of such music. The melody best expresses the *feeling* of the poetry, that which most easily affects us; but it is *harmony*, with all its mysterious wonders, and endless, and therefore infinite, combinations, that effectually rouses the *same* spirit. Harmony alone, without any distinct melody, impresses us with awe and wonder, and lifts us clean away from all earthly feeling and passion. Beethoven has but little individual melody, such as finds its way into the streets through the instrumentality of barrel-organ minstrelsy,—but what cannot he do with a few chords. Let any one sit down to the prison scene in *Fidelio*, and he will soon understand this. Beethoven has never written any melody that has attained a title of the popularity of "Di tanti palpiti"; but the prison scene just alluded to was as much beyond Rossini's grasp as the "Idee" was beyond the grasp of Pope. Mr. Grattan's best melodies are those of a pathetic and tender character. Here he is a pure German. A comic song, we imagine, would be almost an abomination to him. He is essentially grave and romantic. One of the above compositions, "On Jordan's banks," shows a power much beyond either. With much pathos, it has considerable breadth and grandeur. The "Dirge" of Shelley is characterised by great simplicity of design, and is worked out with that breadth and grasp which belong only to genius in its highest manifestations. "The Allegro," a movement descriptive of Milton's exquisite poem, is exceedingly elegant, and, without being at all chargeable with imitation, strongly

beyond the jingle of a polka or a nigger melody, and the genuine inspiration of Beethoven and Weber.—*Manchester Examiner*.

MR. RYALLS, accompanied by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Ryalls, Mr. J. Ward, and Mr. Lawler, has been giving concerts, within the week, at Liverpool, Sheffield, and Mansfield, with much success.

MR. W. T. BEST, the well-known composer, is about to quit London, and to take up his residence at Seville during the winter season.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADIGAL UNION.—(Mr. E. Land, Hon. Sec.)—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, have been fulfilling a series of engagements with great success during the past fortnight at Leicester, Harrogate, Scarborough, Buxton, Rugby, Liverpool, Kendal, Lancaster, Sheffield, Nottingham, and Leamington. They are engaged to give their popular and attractive Concerts during the ensuing week at Huddersfield, Bradford, Bolton, Sheffield (second concert), Worcester (in aid of the fund being raised for the poorer sufferers by the recent inundation), and Cheltenham.

PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Most of our readers must be aware of the happy facility, exquisite taste and finish possessed by the late Count D'Orsay in the fine arts, and more especially in his life-like and characteristic portraits of the aristocracy, published by Mr. Mitchell, and known as "D'Orsay's Sketches." His most ambitious flight in the fine arts probably was a highly finished and most truthful portrait of the late Duke, made in 1846, for which His Grace gave him several sittings; and which may be pronounced as the *chef d'œuvre* of the accomplished and versatile amateur. The Duke is represented standing erect, in plain evening dress, with the single decoration of the Ribbon and Badge of the Garter. Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street, has published an engraving by Wagstaffe from this picture, which may be classed as the most elegant, as it is certainly one of the most striking and faithful delineations of the late illustrious Duke; and has the double interest of being as well a memento of the late Count D'Orsay. That the Duke himself thought favourably of this portrait is proved by the fact that His Grace selected this print in preference to others, to present to a friend with his autograph. The latter had previously chosen a print which not meeting with the Duke's approval, His Grace substituted this engraving from D'Orsay's portrait.

BYRON'S APPLICATION FOR THE OFFICE OF POET LAUREAT, VACANT BY THE DEATH OF PYE.—"My Lord, (Chamberlain)—Having many hours of idleness on my hands, and being an adept at versification, it would not be unacceptable to me to try the experiment of writing the laureate odes, in order to ascertain if the new pursuit would kill the ennui by which I am devoured. I am in politice between a Whig and a Jacobin, the subject of my Sovereign's praise will have so much of the Romantick in them, so as sufficiently to resemble the species of composition in which I am most successful. My desires, my lord, do not point at the perquisites or emoluments of the office. Wine I now loath, brandy I detest, praise is irksome to me, and the world only evinces a round of apathy and misanthropy. It is for variety I undertake the task, and, if possible, to amuse the forlorn.—BYRON."—*Autobiography of W. Jerdan*.

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.—A young pupil of the Conservatoire, scarcely fifteen years old, and who had just carried off the first prize for the piano, was one day with several of his fellow-students at a music publisher's. "If you like," said the young man to the publisher, "I will improvise you a romance." "With all my heart," replied the latter, "but I warn you it must be a *chef d'œuvre*! Decidedly!" The young man sat down by the piano, and composed the little romance of *Bouton de Rose*. "That's not so bad," replied the publisher; "come, write it out for me." "How much will you give me for it?" "Twelve francs." "Agreed," said the young man, such was the poor fellow's want of money! The money was immediately paid, and, as may be imagined, almost as quickly spent. *Bouton de Rose* met with prodigious success, and the celebrated singer Garat soon rendered it

familiar to the frequenters of every *salon*. The author of the romance thus improvised, was Monsieur Pradher, who afterwards became a distinguished pianist, professor at the *Conservatoire*, and the husband of Mademoiselle More, whom we have all known under the name of Madame Pradher, as one of the most charming actresses of the *Opéra Comique*.

ROSSINI, BEETHOVEN, AND WEBER.—When Rossini's *Barber of Seville* was first played at Vienna in 1824, it was only with the greatest difficulty that Beethoven could be prevailed on to be present at a representation of the work. This profound and melancholy genius, whose colossal conceptions were understood, as yet, but by a happy few, felt an almost invincible aversion to acknowledge the wide-spread and well-merited glory of Italy's happy son. The friends of the author of the *Pastoral Symphony* took him, however, to the Stadt Theater at last. With his head bent forward, and his eye hidden beneath his shaggy eyebrow, Beethoven tried to seize the sense of that arch gaiety, of which his ear, alas! was prevented through deafness from catching the sly meaning.

This evening added a deeper tinge of melancholy to his customary sadness; and when, the next morning, the score of the opera which he had not been able to hear, was placed in his hands, he said to those around him, after examining it with stern look:

"If Rossini had received a knock on the head for each fault he made during his first studies, he might have become a man of talent."

Such is the way in which these demi-gods of thought treat each other! Genius is egotistical and personal.

Beethoven was quite as unjust towards Weber as Weber was towards Beethoven. These two mighty geniuses lived side by side, without understanding one another, and without even exchanging a single friendly nod.

ARTISTIC AMENITIES.—All the old *habitués* of the opera must remember the mishap that befell Mademoiselle Falcon, at one of the first representations of the *Huguenots*. In the fourth act, the celebrated scene of the blessing of the poniards, the culminating *morceau* of the opera, is followed by that grand and dramatic duett, which Nourrit interpreted in so masterly a manner. Valentine, palpitating with emotion, and distracted in mind throughout this long scene, wipes her eyes with a handkerchief, and increases by so doing, the force of her eloquent pantomime. In the finest parts of the duett, however, Mademoiselle Falcon was seized with an unconquerable fit of sneezing, first to her own dismay, and then to the hilarity of the entire audience. In vain did the actress endeavour to hide her dilemma, by leaving off and then again continuing—nothing succeeded. Raoul asks her, in a burst of passion, if she loves him, and she answers by—a sneezed The knell of the Saint Barthélemy is heard, and Valentine, who is struck with horror, still sneezes! "God has condemned them!" says Saint Brie. "God bless you!" cries out a spectator; and the curtain was obliged to be let down.

Explanation.—A certain *coryphée* had to sing on some occasion or other, twelve bars in an opera; but Mademoiselle Falcon had had her replaced by some one else.—*Inde ire*. This Medea at fifty-five francs a month had, therefore, slipped some how or other, into Mademoiselle Falcon's dressing-room, and had sprinkled the embroidered handkerchief of Valentine with a strong sneezing powder, technically termed *erhine*.

A ROMANCE BY MARELLIER.—For a long time, my whole delight consisted in the society that assembled every evening at Madame Kreutzer's. Her husband, a distinguished violinist and professor at the *Conservatoire*, was the brother of Rodolphe Kreutzer, the author of the music of *Lodoiska*, of the *Mort d'Abel*, and of several other remarkable works. The society had been formed by the care and accomplishments of Rodolphe's wife at the time when the composer, still very young, justified by his successes the protection with which Queen Marie Antoinette honoured him. Rodolphe died, however, and his widow soon followed him to the grave. Madame Kreutzer inherited the *salon* of her sister-in-law: this was like inheriting an empire; and it lost none of its brilliancy under its new sovereign: there was no name celebrated in literature, reminds us of some of Beethoven's more powerful compositions. On the whole, these musical subjects, by Mr. Grattan, are well entitled to a place in the portfolios of all who can discriminate

the arts or the sciences but what had a place in the *salon*. In the course of so many years, death naturally made large gaps in this society, but they were judiciously filled up from among men of rising fame; whoever was invited to it, though he might fancy it was to be but for once, never failed to remain a member of it till death: a single invitation became a permanent engagement.

Among all these celebrated names there were certainly some of the greatest obscurity. The small fraction to which we belonged called itself the pit: had we been permitted to applaud, our hands would have often smarted for some time to come.

We need not add that the society contained some of the most charming narrators the world ever saw. Among these were Méhul and Marsellier. Madame Kreutzer, who could herself relate a story in the most admirable way, but who never spoke unless there was no one else to do so, exemplified to us, by the following anecdote, what a seductive influence Marsellier exercised over his listeners:

"I had," said she, "a grand dinner-party: while we were waiting for the second course, an ambassador from the kitchen suddenly announced that the most important dish of the repast, in a word, the joint, had, by some unforeseen accident, just been rendered unfit to appear. 'What's to be done? Shall we go without a joint, or wait until the spit can send us up another?' 'We will wait,' said Marsellier, settling the matter. 'It is all very well to wait,' cried I, 'but how can we remain here, with our arms crossed, merely looking at one another?' 'I have a tale, already improvised, at your service, only be patient.' The greatest silence immediately ensued. He began, and the more the joint delayed coming,

the longer was the *dénouement* of the tale kept back. At last, the joint, the offspring of a catastrophe, arrived. But can you tell how it was received? Why, by a general cry of 'What! already? Go on, go on,' and Marsellier finished his tale, somewhat quickly, it is true, for fear the joint should get cold. You are, perhaps, sorry that this tale was lost. But be not uneasy. I recognised it at the Opéra Comique on the evening of the first representation of *Adolphe et Clara*: Marsellier had been the plagiarist of his own improvisation."

On going back to first causes, we thus see that the real author of *Adolphe et Clara* was Madame Kreutzer's cook.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

W. K., Dublin; T. T., Chesterfield; S. W. L., Brighton; W. S., Leeds; T. J., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—It is not correct, according to the rules of composition, to begin a chant in one key and end it in another. The grammar of the chant to which allusion is made is no less faulty than the construction,—example, the consecutive fifths in the last two chords of the third part.

Dr. GAUNTLETT's letter arrived too late for insertion this week.

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The Projectors having made the above announcement at the suggestion of several Music Publishers both in London and the Country, they will be happy to receive any further communications on the subject from parties to whom the publication may be of interest.

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